

The LOVE R.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, *Gent.*

Mæcenas Atavis edite regibus.

Bentley's Horace.

Saturday, March 20. 1714.

THE following Epistle is written to me from the Parish of Gotham in Herefordshire, from one who had Credentials from me to be received as an humble Servant to a young Lady of the Family which he mentions; because it may be an Instruction to all who court great Alliances, I shall insert it Word for Word, as it came to my Hands.

Sweet Mr. MYRTLE,

ACCORDING to your Persuasion I came down here into the Country, with a design to ingraft my self into the Family to which you recommended me; but I with you had thought a little more of it, before you gave me that Advice, for a Man is not always made happy by having settled himself in a powerful House; for Riches and Honour are Ornamental to the Possessors of 'em, only when those Possessors have such Arts or Endowments which would render them conspicuous without them; but these Creatures to whom you advised me to be allied are such, whose Interest it is to court Privacy, and are made up of so many defects, that they could not better recommend themselves to the World, or consult their own Interest then by hiding; but they are so little inclined to such a prudent Behaviour, that they seem to think that their Appearance upon all Occasions cannot chuse but be advantageous to them; and yet such is the force of Nature in blessing all its Instruments to the Uses for which she has made them most fit, that they are ever undertaking what would make the most beautiful of Human Race appear as ugly as themselves. Thus they take upon them to manage all things in this County; and if any Man is to be Accused, Arrested, or Disgraced, one of these hideous Creatures has certainly a Hand in it. By these Methods and Arts they govern those who Contemn them, and are perpetually followed by Crowds who hate them: At the same time there is I know not what excessively Comick and Diverting, to behold these very odd Fellows in their Magnificencies.

You must know they set up extremely for Genealogies, old Codes, and Mystic Writings, and
(Price Two Pence.)

knowing abundance of what was never worth knowing in the several Ages in which it was added; but there is constantly, in all they pretend to, some Circumstance which secretly tends to raise the Honour and Antiquity of their Family: Thus they are not contented, as all we the rest of the World are, to become more Ancient every Day than other as Time passes on, but they grow old backwards, and every now and then they make some new Purchase of musty Roles and Papers, which they tell you acquaints them with some new Matter concerning their further Antiquity. I met here, to my great Surprise, Abednego the Jew, who used to transfer Stock for me at Change Alley. I was going to salute him but he tipped me the Wink, and taking me apart at a proper Opportunity, desired me not to discover him, For, says he laughing, I am come down here as a Cheat; he explained himself further, that his way was to get some Paper that was Mouldy, Dusty, or Moth-eaten, and write upon it Hebrew Characters, which he sold to Sir Anthony Crab-tree's Library; you must know there is nothing so monstrous but they can make pass upon the People; so terrible ate the Crab-trees in this County. The last Piece of Antiquity which they produced was a Letter written, in Noah's own Hand, to their Ancestor, and found upon a Mountain in Wales; (which, by the way, is said by them to be the oldest and highest Mountain in the World) directed to their Ancestor Sir Robert Crab-tree, an Antidiluvian Knight. This, Sir, passes very currently here, and is well received, because all allow there has been no Faces like theirs in any other Family since the Flood.

It would be endless to give you a distinct Account of these Worthies in one Letter, but I will go as far as I can in it. I was, when I declared my Love, appointed an Hour in their great Hall, where were assembled all their Relations and Tenants, but instead of receiving me with Civility, as one who desired to be of their Family, as they know not how to shew Power and Greatness, but by doing things terrible and disagreeable, Mr. Peter Brickdust stands up before all the Company, and enters into a downright In-

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veitive against me, to shew that I was not fit to be entertained among them. They call him here at *Goatham*, and in all these Parts, the *Accuser*, because it is his natural Propensity to think the Worst of every Man. Tho' the Implicant has a very great Estate, the Poverty of his Soul is such, that he will do any thing for a further Penny. He condescends to audit part of the Rents of Sir *Anthony's* Estate, and, tho' born to a better Fortune than the Knight himself, is his utter Slave. His Business about him is to find out some body or other for him, from time to time, on whom to exercise his great Power and Interest. Peter has the very Look of a Wicked one of low Practice. Peter is made for a Lurcher; and as being a Creature of Prey, he rises to the Object he aims at as if he were going to spring at some Game; but he flinks, as you may have seen a Cur, at once exert and check his little Anger when he sees a strange Mastiff. Naturalists say all Men have something in their Aspect of other Animals, which resemble them in Constitution. Peter's Countenance discovers him a Creature of small Prey, it is a mixture of the Face of a Cat, and that of an Owl. He has the spiteful Eagerness of the former blended with the stupid Gravity of the latter. He stood behind a Post all the while he was talking, and groped it as if he were feeling for Hobnails. All that he said was so extravagant, wild, and groundless, and urged with a Mein so suitable to the Falshood and Folly of it; that I was rather diverted than offended at *Brickdust*. When from another Quarter of the Hall, placed just under a Gallery, there stood up the Knight's Brother. It is impossible to express the Particularity of this Gentleman. His Mein is like that of a broken Tradesman the first Day he wears a Sword; his Aspect was sad, but rather the Face of a Man incapable of Mirth, than under any Sorrow, and yet he does not look dull neither, but attentive to both Worlds at once, and has in his Brow both the Usurer and the Saint. I observed great Respect paid to him; but methought some Leavings of Conscience made him look somewhat abashed at the great Civilities which were paid him. He roundly asserted I was not worth a Groat, and indeed made it out in a Moment; for by some Trick or other, he had got in his Custody all the Writings which make out the Title to my Estate.

What made this whole Matter the more extravagantly pleasant was, that there is an odd droning Loudness in the Brother's Voice, which made a large *Irish* Greyhound open at every pause he made. That great furly Creature made so docile and servile, was to me matter of much Entertainment and Curiosity. The Knight's Brother, I assure you, spoke with a good steady Impudence, and having been longinur'd to Talk what he does not mean, he looks as if he meant what he said.

The Pleasantry of this excellent Farce is, that all these Fellows were bred Presbyterians, and are now set up for High Church-men. They carry it admirably well, and the Partizans do not distinguish that there is a difference between those who are of neither side from generous Principles, and those who are disinterested only from having no Principles at all. The Knight himself was not in the Country, but is expected every Day; they say he is a precious one. They make me expect he will treat me after another Way. His manner is very drole; he is very affable, and yet keeps you at a

Distance; for he talks to every Body, but will let no Body understand him. Here is a Gentleman in the Country, a good intelligent Companion, that gives me a very pleasant Idea of him; he says he has seen him go through his great Hall full of Company, and whisper every Man as he passed a long, when they have all had the Whimper they have held up their Heads in a silly Amusement like Geese when they are drinking: But perhaps more of this another time; you would marry me into this goodly House,

I thank you for nothing, Dear SIR,

and am your Humble Servant for That.

P. S. Here is a Story here that Mr. *Whate-* call laughs at all they pretend to do against him, and is prepared for the Worst that can happen. To insure himself to be a publick Spectacle, they say, he rid an Hour and a half, at Noon-day on Wednesday last, behind *Charles* the First at *Charing-Cross*.

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